The Bystander, December 21, 1921 No 942. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

"HERE'S TO A 'PACIFIC' CHRISTMAS"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45. LOIE FULLER'S DANCERS, "CHAUVE-SOURIS" Under the direction of NIKITA BALIEFF, ARTHUR PRINCE & "JIM," ETHEL BULL, STAN KAVANAGH, Etc.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645). THE GOLDEN MOTH. Evenings 8. Mats., Weds. & Sats. 2. (Xmas Week Twice Daily). W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Thorpe Bates, Cicely Debenham Nancie Lovat, Misquette and Maxly.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3243). THE FAITHFUL HEART by MONCKTON HOFFE. GODFREY TEARLE Mary Odette. Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Thurs., Sat. & December 26, 27, at 2.30.

GARRICK. (Ger. 9513). Nightly 8.15. Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 2.15. RUBY MILLER and Basil Rathbone. "THE EDGE O' BEYOND" By Gertrude Page (Authoress of "Paddy the next Best Thing").

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR Nightly at 8. Matinées Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS. IRENE VANBRUGH.

NEW (Regent 4466). ... MATHESON LANG in "BLOOD AND SAND" Every Evening at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"Do it Now!"

IT would be well for you to realise that this is December 21. This means more than at first may meet the eye. It means that there are still a few days before Christmas Day in which you may get and arrange things that should have been got and arranged days ago. If you "do it now," you still have time for the writing and dispatch of certain hitherto neglected letters and greetings—but how many of us have lost the last chance of getting those overseas ones delivered in time?

Glad When it is Over

IN spite of this warning I feel pretty sure that there will be some who read it who will be glad, when Christmas Day is over, to think that they can still make amends with the help of New Year's Day. Procrastination is the thief of—Christmas presents, and the donor of New Year's gifts.

The Danger of Bathing

IT seems to have been very generally accepted that Sir Arthur Pearson's sad and untimely death was due to his blindness. But I do not think that this is necessarily or even very probably so. I wonder that we do not hear oftener of mishaps caused by our very slippery enamelled baths. A wet hand placed with any considerable weight upon the rounded edge, when getting into or out of the bath, often slips from under one, and might easily cause a fall which with bad luck might have very serious consequences. Many besides myself probably know this from experience. It should not be difficult to devise some remedy for it.

To Sweep up Crumbs

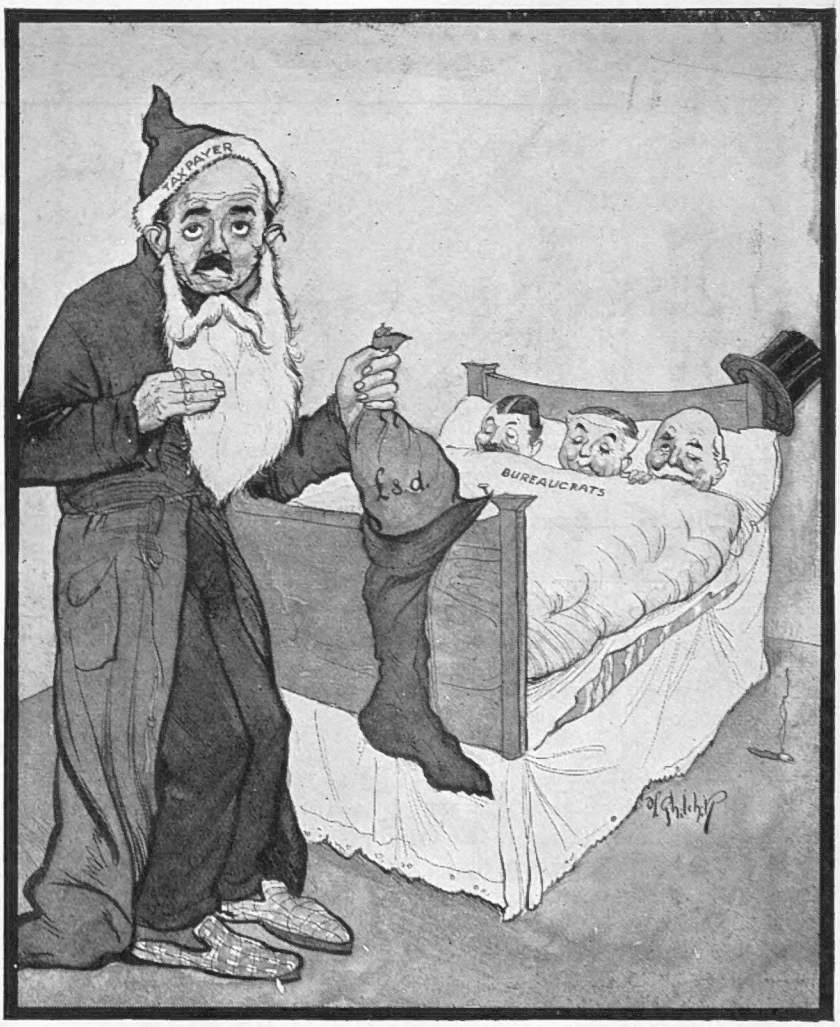
AT the recent conference which discussed the question of raising the social status of the domestic servant, our feelings were harrowed by the idea of "a middle-aged woman" being known to the boys of the district as "Susan or Jane." The horrible indignity of it! But this, after all, was only a suppositional case. We may hope it has never happened. Since then, however, an actual case of the brutally inconsiderate way in which people treat their domestics has been reported. The wife of a well-known man one morning actually asked the butler to have the "previous night's crumbs swept up"! That, said the butler, was a housemaid's work—"I cannot ask the footmen to do it."

Brutal Treatment

THERE is nothing to indicate how many footmen it would take to do the job, nor is it expressly stated that the butler would not condescend to give instructions to a mere housemaid. But, to use the great man's own language, "he cleared out" of the dreadful household and sued his employer for £8 6*s.* 8*d.*, a month's wages, I beg pardon, "salary" is the word used in the report. *And the judge decided against him!* Such a tale needs no adornment. Think of it—asking a butler to ask footmen to go on their knees, or at any rate to stoop—in both senses of the word—to sweep up crumbs!

Thoughtful Kensington

IF, being a stranger to the district, you should visit the Royal Borough of Kensington just now,

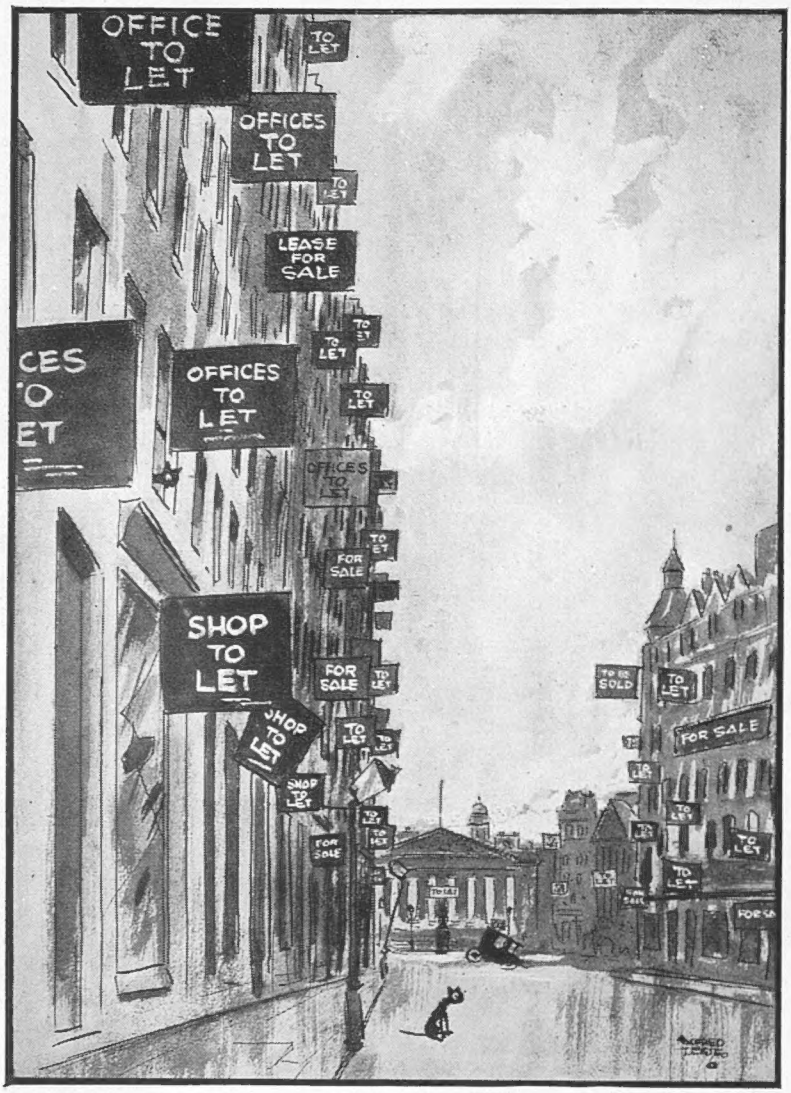


By D. L. Ghilchik

WHILE THE LITTLE ONES SLUMBER

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

you may notice that many of its inhabitants are wearing a peculiarly thoughtful expression. They are not, as you might suppose, worrying about Christmas presents or bills. They are inventing "repartees." Of course, true repartee should follow the remark that provokes it, as the spark follows the blow of steel upon flint. But Kensington has time to think of its repartees. The Borough Council, to raise money for the Children's Hospital and Souchez, its adopted village in France, has started a "Repartees Competition"—the entrance is a shilling, and there are fifty prizes for the best sets of six repartees.



THE DESERTED VILLAGE By Alfred Leete

London—if "The Scottish Free State" ever materialises

Get Your Hair Cut

"What would you say if you were asked to name the funniest thing in the world?" is one of the openings given for repartee. Do you wonder now that Kensingtonians are looking preoccupied? "What would you say if someone said to you 'Get your hair cut'?" is another. There must once have been lots of answers to that, if middle-aged Kensingtonians can only recall them. Personally, I should merely have to raise my hat to score a distinct hit.

The Scottish Free State

Fired by the example and success of Messrs. Collins and Griffiths, and others, in securing the recognition of the Irish Free State, forty members of the Scots National League have met in the Essex Hall, Strand, and demanded a Scottish Free State. I cannot imagine a Scot consenting to be made a mere "alien" in the Strand, or Fleet Street, or anywhere else in easy old England; so one must suppose that the Scottish Free State is to occupy all that desirable territory south of the Tweed—except, perhaps, Wales, which would doubtless hold out in her mountain fastnesses. But if by "separation" from England the patriotic forty want to take on for Scotland what the Irish Free State is taking on for their part of Ireland, they will be reminded by their wiser "brither" Scots of the three tailors of Tooley Street, who posed as "We, the people of England."

The Propriety of Pipes

Mr. Knightsmith, the toastmaster, says, "I must confess that smoking etiquette (at public dinners) is getting very loose. I have seen several pipes lately, though no women were present; but, of course, the pipe is still considered to be absolutely wrong." Of course, it is very shocking, and my sympathies are with Mr. Knightsmith. But even the New Poor feel that they have a right to a smoke after dinner, and as they have given up keeping cigars at home and so cannot bring the correct smoke with them, what are they to do? They cannot afford to pay a restaurant proprietor's price for a decent cigar—so out comes the briar. Not everyone can satisfy himself with the humble fag. As for the ladies—I fancy Mr. Knightsmith will see them putting their pipes on before long. Then everything will be all right—so long, that is, as we can afford dinners and pipes.

Bolshevist Undergraduates

The editor of *Free Oxford*, which describes itself as "A Communist Journal of Youth," has had his name removed from the books of the University, and the associate editor has been "sent down" for two terms. Until this rather unimportant piece of news found its way into the London papers I had not heard of *Free Oxford*, which has, apparently, achieved its fifth number. I do not suppose that it or its editors could do much harm either in Oxford or anywhere else. It seems almost a pity to advertise these young cranks. Why not let them play at Communism and Pogo in obscurity? But I speak

WILL HE HAVE TO DISCARD HIS COAT?

By E. T. Reed

"Well ! ! Talk about Needle's Eyes ! ! Fancy expecting me to take these little tokens of affection down an 'avenue' like *that* with an 'Ulster' that stands out like *this*"

without knowledge—if they become a nuisance I suppose they must be dealt with accordingly. I would suggest a slipper.

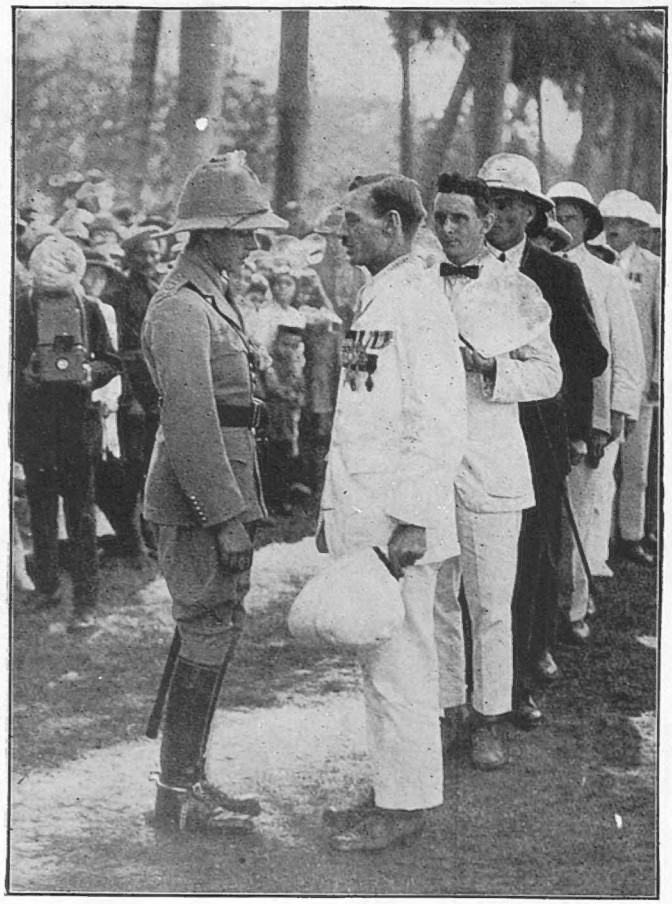
D'ye Ken "Kelly"?

At this time of the year, when everybody is talking Christmas books, I welcome three staunch friends, *Burke*, *Debrett*, and *Kelly*—to say nothing of *Who's Who* and the *London Directory*—because they stand me in such good stead throughout the year. It may seem a queer taste, but I simply can't get on without books of reference, for they put me wise, as the Americans say, in regard to all sorts of people I have got to meet. *Kelly*, in particular, is an amalgam of all, for it s partly a Peerage, partly a Landed Gentry, partly a Who's Who, and partly a directory. This year it includes many captains of industry, about whom it is usually very difficult to get any biographical facts.

The 1922 Debrett

The three thousand and odd pages of *Debrett* for the coming year contain several matters of interest, over and above the usual Government, hereditary, and courtesy titles. It includes a specific account of the Prince of Wales's Eastern tour, and particular details of the Royal Betrothal, and a paragraph headed "Authors' Errors" is pleasingly sarcastic with regard to the titular errors made by writers of fiction.

The Prince in India



AT BOMBAY AND BARODA

The Prince of Wales chatting to ex-soldiers at the Oval at Bombay, and, later, at Baroda, where he attended a special Garden Party given in his honour, with members of his suite

Photographs] RECEIVING GIFTS FROM THE MAHARAJAH OF KOLHAPUR *[Central News*

The Prince's visit to Poona was an unparalleled success, and he is here seen receiving gifts from the Maharajah of Kolhapur on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the Shivaji Memorial. Lady Lloyd, the wife of Sir George Lloyd, Governor of Bombay, and cousin of Lord Lascelles, is seen in the foreground

Photograph *G. P. U.*

THE DIPPING OF THE COLOUR

The King's Company, 1st Battn. Grenadier Guards, dipping the Colour at the approach of the Royal Coach on the occasion of the opening of Parliament last week

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Brides and House-Linen

THE visits of the Queen and Princess Mary to Chesterfield House, and now so far afield as Harewood House, near Leeds, which, apparently, is to be the country abode of Lord Lascelles and his Royal bride, have a delightful old-fashioned air. In the days when it was the custom for the bride to provide the house-linen such visits were part of the protocol of an engagement. All sorts of domestic mysteries were settled on these occasions, the mother-in-law-to-be deciding all questions as to quantities of sheets, pillow-cases, bath-towels, etc., to be provided in the bride's *corbeille*.

This question is not likely to arise in the present instance, for both Chesterfield House and Harewood must be fully equipped.

The Dowager's Haul

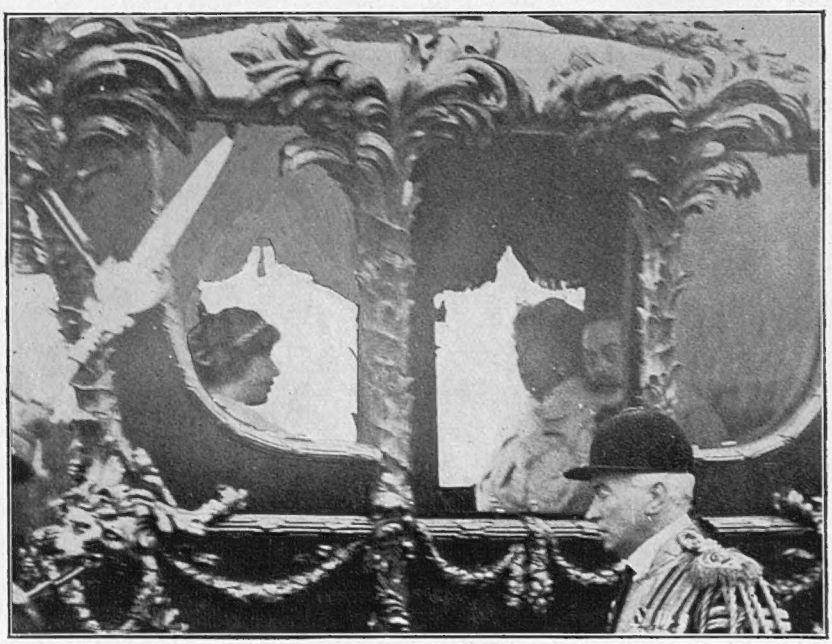
BUT quite recently there was an amusing case in which a mother-in-law's too rigid observance of the unwritten law concerning house-linen, and a daughter-in-law's utter ignorance of the law led to a pretty tangle.

A young man of position and property married a light of the revue stage. His mother, who had kept house for him, did not approve and retired in dudgeon to her dower-house, taking with her not only the house-linen she had brought to the family as a bride, but also all that she had bought during her husband's and her son's reigns.

Shortly after their marriage the young couple went down to the husband's home—a house of some considerable size. He, man-like, naturally knew nothing about domestic concerns; she suffered from the general complaint of those who have had no acquaintance with big houses—they think things either grow by themselves or else are provided by the servants.

The bride had asked several of her friends to stay and enjoy her new possessions. The party all motored down together. Within an hour of their arrival the bride was faced with her first domestic problem. There were no tablecloths or napkins; there were no sheets for herself, her husband, and their guests. Mamma-in-law had removed everything except the linen actually being used by the servants.

The revue-lady, however, was a person of resource. A few miles off was a well-known health resort. It was the off season.



Photograph] **THE ROYAL COACH** *[L. N. A.*

His Majesty, the Queen, and Princess Mary returning from the House of Lords in the Royal Coach at the state opening of Parliament last week

Photograph *L. N. A.*

CELEBRITIES AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

Lady Wavertree, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, and the Duke of Sutherland watching the Royal procession from the Terrace of the House of Lords

Photograph *Photo Press*

LEAVING THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Mrs. Asquith, the American Ambassador, and the Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry watching the departure of the Royal Coach from the House of Lords

She motored over and either hired or borrowed enough household linen from the hotels to go round. Later on there was a pretty quarrel between the dowager and her son over the carried-off linen, a quarrel which almost ended in a lawsuit. But the old lady stuck firmly to all she had carted away, and in the end the son was forced entirely to re-stock the house, a heavy expense in these times.

Amusement or Duty?

SOME people have the oddest ideas of benefiting their fellow-creatures. I have heard of a woman—one of those *richissimes* who have only to stamp on the floor for footmen to appear from every corner, for pearl necklaces to drop from the ceilings, and at least four Rolls-Royces to bound to the front door—who has conceived it her duty towards her less well-off sisters to try to bring down prices in the shops.

This is her procedure. She drives up to a shop in pomp and state, two men on the box of her car. Equal pomp and state in entering the shop. Then she asks for something she doesn't want. The article is produced; she demands the price, and, whatever the amount, immediately declares it is so absurdly dear that she will not buy it. And out she sallies with more pomp and state.

She boasts that she has visited more than fifty well-known shops in the West End, and is convinced that by giving up "my very valuable time" to this new game she is benefiting hundreds of women whose purses are not so deep as her own. She calls it "My own anti-profiteering campaign," and is immensely pleased with herself. But I wonder what they think of her in the shops where she carries out her odd propaganda?

Photograph *Central News*

LORD FITZALAN

The Viceroy of Ireland, leaving the House of Lords after the State opening

Concerning "Capping"

DESPITE all the optimism to the contrary, most Hunts—especially the smaller and less fashionable ones—are beginning to feel gloomy about their membership. Hunting is a luxury that is the first to be scrapped when necessity and the tax-gatherer come in at the door.

"Strangers" have never been popular with Hunts. They have been suffered rather than welcomed, heavy "capping" fees being charged to keep their numbers down as much as possible. But some Hunts are beginning to realise that without "strangers" they would not only have poor fields, but a much barer exchequer. So a heavy reduction in "capping" fees is being seriously considered. One Committee—that of the Atherstone Hunt—has boldly decided to reduce the fee by one half. In future, therefore, you can hunt with the Atherstone for a pound a day. It is not improbable that other Hunts will speedily follow this example.

"Denaturalised"

I WONDER what happens when you are "denaturalised" like Sir—no, Mr., or is it Herr Edgar Speyer? Do you revert to the nationality with which you were born, automatically, or have you to be naturalised all over again?

Photograph *Photo Press*

PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AT PRETORIA

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught and the Earl of Macduff at the Garden Party given by them at Government House, Pretoria. A group taken at the entrance to Government House. Left to right: Capt. Wilbraham, A.D.C., Miss Fraginton, H.R.H. Prince Arthur, H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught, Lieut.-Col. Gurney (Comptroller), Capt. Russell Wilkinson, A.D.C., and the Earl of Macduff

If this is the case the Speyer family — father, mother, and daughters—are in the Gilbertian position of not belonging to any country at all. They have no civic rights anywhere, and are just wanderers on the face of the globe. Everyone expects they will become naturalised Americans, unless Germany, as a set off to the action of the British Government, makes them a sort of freeman and freewoman of the Fatherland.

But what a history it is! It is just as well, perhaps, that the proceedings were heard *in camera*, It certainly is odd that six years ago there was a public whitewashing and a haughty and sweeping condemnation of the charges of treachery, etc., and now a condemnation so complete that the rights of British citizenship, and all honours, are taken away!

Shrewd guesses may be made as to the actual reason for the former attitude towards the big financier, and the casting forth of himself and his family to-day. But if only one half of the former rumours were true the punishment is justly deserved. The Speyer case hides one of the big "thrills" of the War.

A New Fashion

A FASHION is creeping in which will provide a double benefit—one to charity, the other to people who like dancing and can afford to pay one or two guineas for their evening's amusement.

You lend your house for a dance for a charity, and you receive the guests. There is all the appearance of a private dance, and beyond the trouble of having the furniture moved, a buffet installed in the dining-room, you yourself are not concerned in any way. You just stand at the top of your staircase, smile, and shake hands with the arriving stream. And I dare say when you get tired you

PRINCESS MARY IN THE EAST END

Princess Mary last week visited the Wesleyan East End Mission, Commercial Road, and hundreds of young children waited to cheer her before seeing the film version of "Where the Rainbow Ends"

MISS GODELENA TWYSDEN

The second daughter of the late Captain J. S. Twysden, R.N., and Mrs. Twysden, of Churston House, Kingsbridge, Devon, and her husband, Lieut. J. B. Falls, R.N., after their marriage at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, last week. The next day her sister—

—MISS ANNE TWYSDEN

Was married to Lieut.-Commander T. B. Fellowes, R.N., the wedding also taking place at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. Lieut. Falls, the bridegroom of the previous day, acting as best man

Photographs *Bassano*

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK

The Hon. Anne Thesiger, daughter of Lord and Lady Chelmsford, and the Hon. D. E. F. O'Brien, eldest son of Lord and Lady Inchiquin, whose marriage took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, last week. Lord Chelmsford gave his daughter away

can slip off to bed and nobody notices.

Some of the charities will soon live entirely—at least, so it seems to me—by dancing. I noticed that every night last week there was a dance somewhere — at hotels, galleries, and private houses for some charity or another. The charities multiply as the sands of the sea. Money is harder and harder to get. Dances certainly rope in pennies from the men, which bazaars and sales of work never do.

Have We no English Singers?

I LEARNT last week at a lunch given by Mr. James White, the chairman of Daly's Theatre, that during the last twenty-six years only eighteen plays have been produced there, which makes each piece average nearly eighteen months' run. Considering that some theatres in London produce this number within two years, the significance of this triumph can be more appreciated. Mr. James White announced Mr. Robert Evett's impending resignation, and his entrance into management on his own, and Mr. White was prompted to ask, in consequence of Miss José Collins, who is also leaving Daly's, whether there were any really good English musical comedy actresses on the stage to-day, also whether English authors and composers can write musical plays? It would seem not, seeing that with perfect frankness Mr. White is being forced to produce a play written and composed by an Austrian, and in which the leading lady will be a Hungarian.

Stock Exchange Celebrities

BY "JONK"

No. IX.—MR. A. H. SLADE

"Our Dossie"—the great young man of the "House" since '69. As much at home with horses and hounds as with stocks and shares, and takes his fences and his tosses as only a sportsman can

"Once Upon a Time—

BY ALFRED LEETE

—In the Days of Long Ago"

The Riviera Week by Week

by Dunce-Scotus

THERE is a very energetic flock at Menton, of which the Scottish shepherd is the Rev. John Arnott. They take to the mountains every Tuesday for the whole day with lunches, pocket pistols, and cameras, and follow their shepherd as in Jacob's days. They tackle a new summit each week, and should be in grand training for the Mont Agel endurance test later on. The parson is kind enough to carry many pocket pistols, etc., and they never lose sight of him! The possible excursions are almost unlimited, with the facilities of the Sospel electric tramway, the motor excursion cars, the funicular to La Turbie, and so on. Here, of course, the flocks of sheep and goats *do* follow their shepherd, who still plays on reed pipes, to the delight of old Pan, who, though invisible to the vandal visitor, is all pervading here, and still playing his tricks on the simple Daphnes and Strephons of these ancient hills and valleys.

THE English shepherd at Monte Carlo will soon have to hold his services in the open on the hills, as his flock increases week by week. No available hotel *salon* is large enough. He might ask the Prince for the use of his yacht lying idle in the famous little port of Hercules and Julius Cæsar and other famous pirates. The Bretons, in their times of sore trial, worshipped secretly at sea, gathering in their fishing boats round their devoted priest and guarded by out-boats, and ready to scatter to fishing-grounds or their burrows in the wild heaths.

Photograph "ON THE ROCKS" *Horn*

In the foreground is Cap Martin, looking towards Menton

Photograph *E. Navello*

GOLF AT CANNES

Mr. Leland de Langley, of the Chateau de Theoule, driving off

THE studio in the Baroness Orczy's Villa Bijou is no longer large enough. Her husband's beautiful classical fantasies from the nude were rather distracting, and had to be turned to the wall! This teller of delightful adventure is happy over a romance of Provençe at the beginning of the nineteenth century, with the scenes laid close to Monte Carlo. It is to be published in the spring. Afterwards she may be tempted by the unlimited possibilities of picturesque Savoy, with its legends and superstitions, and ruthless wars and sieges, which produced many flowers of knighthood worthy to rank with "Scarlet Pimpernels" and "Laughing Cavaliers."

MAJOR CURLEY'S death, when nearly ninety, removes a kindly personality from the "Paris," at Monte Carlo, which he had made his home for many years. He was a veteran of the Civil War and a friend of Lincoln. He loved the country round here, and almost fathered the sorely wounded old town of La Turbie. He largely helped with the monument to the fallen recently unveiled, and many a family is sincerely mourning his loss. The last time he visited the golf he umpired and scored in a clock-golf putting competition for mixed partnerships, which produced what was probably a record score for the first six holes.

JANUARY weather, when there is seldom a cloud in the sky, has replaced the required wet December. On the 7th the whole island of Elba was visible very plainly from the golf-course at Mont Agel—a chance in ten years. The snow in the mountain gorges of Corsica made a fine contrast at sunset with the dim magenta Alpine glow on the summits. At the weekly golf competition against Bogey on the 8th at the Monte

Photograph] BARONESS HARDENBROCK AND HER DOGS *[Horn*

A very charming and exclusive snapshot of Baroness Hardenbrock and her prize Pekingese at Mont Agel

THE RIVIERA WEEK BY WEEK (*concluded*)

Carlo club, Mr. O'Gorman Lalor (22) won the wrist watch with 1 down. Dr. Foster MacGeagh (24)—a fine follower of Dr. Golf, of sixty-eight summers—managed to tie with Captain A. G. Barry (plus 1)—the amateur champion of 1905 at Prestwick—for second place with 3 down. About fifty players took part in the competition. Captain Barry went round in 76, and thus equalled Colonel Hole's amateur record for the course of 1914. He also did a 33 for the first 9 holes in practice with the younger pro., Robert Grant, but lost on the last green. Mr. E. P. C. Ralli holed the 15th in 1. Major Bryce (scratch), Captain Ruttledge (12), and Captain Wilder (12) were all 4 down. Mr. Peter Gannon tore up his card. A lot of good entries—including ladies. On the 10th, Mr. Gannon and Captain Barry played the best ball of the Grants, and won on the last green by 1 hole. The best ball scores were 65 and 66. Wonderful work, and no hole over 4 for the winners!

Photograph *E. Navello*

BARONESS ORCZY

The well-known novelist, poses against the pergola in the garden of her villa Bijou, on the Riviera

At the Nice golf club, at their first competition of the season, the medal was won by Major Gillespie (3) with 76 net. M. Dracopuli (4) was second with 77 net. The fairway at Nice is a bit of a miracle—really green—thanks to a powerful pump supplying water from the river Loup.

The operas to be presented for the first time, so far intimated by M. Raoul Gunsbourg, are Massenet's *Amadis*, Catargi's *Les Noces Tragiques*, *Le Soleil de Minuit*, *Athena*, and a new work of Puccini.

The first tennis tournament at Monte Carlo begins on Boxing Day at La Festa, under Mr. George Simond's direction, and it should be a very pleasant meeting. Unfortunately, Mlle. Lenglen is forbidden by medical experts to play for some months. She tells me she has begun to play golf and likes it, and hopes to play a lot at Nice and at Mont Agel. She will probably be better than ever, if that is possible, when she returns to the game later on. She ought to make rapid progress at golf, and, like Miss Lottie Dod, who was champion at both games, she may look forward to taking the highest honours at golf if she cares to concentrate on this most difficult game. The fine air and moderate exercise prescribed by Dr. Golf, will surely make her once more fit to beat all comers as of yore on the courts. The players that may be counted on already for this opening meeting represent, as usual, many countries.

Among the Americans, Mr. A. W. Asthalter, and Mr. and Miss Cabot; Miss Ryan only arrives on the 28th, and Mr. Sam Hardy comes later. Mrs. Fick is Swedish, Mr. Vladimir Rachersky, Russian, Mme. Floresco, Roumanian, M. P. de Becker, Belgian, Comte Carpagna, Italian. As usual, many British already, including Lord and Lady Rocksavage, Captain Meade, Major Bryce, Mr. Trevor Davis, Mr. J. M. Hillyard, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Mrs. O'Neil, Sir Francis and Miss Towle, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Dunkerley, Mr. A. C. Hunter, Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Warre, M. A. and M. J. Resuge, Miss Smaile, Captain Wilder, etc. The Spanish champions M. Alonso and Comte de Gomer,

Photograph *Horn*

ON LA FESTA

Major Bryce, of the Coldstreams, playing on La Festa courts at Monte Carlo

Mr. Norton of South Africa, Mr. Aeschliman of Switzerland, M. J. Borotra, Mr. A. Gerbault of France, Mr. and Mrs. Wertheim of Australia, Hon. F. M. B. Fisher of New Zealand, Comte Sommarakoff of Russia, Comte Balbi of Italy, and Mrs. Colman, Lord Charles Hope, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Mr. S. N. Doust, the veteran Mr. Richie, Miss Brocklesby, Mr. D. Hick, Mr. Wallis Myers—the classic writer on the game—and Lord Rochdale are already sure to enter for later tournaments here. It is also expected that Miss K. McKane and Miss Kemmis Betty may play here this season. The War has not affected the popularity of the game here, though, of course, we miss sadly our old friends like Tony Wilding, who made the great sacrifice.

Photograph *E. Navello*

AT MONTE CARLO

Admiral Sir Sydney Eardley-Wilmot in the grounds of the Casino at Monte Carlo

Besides Mr. W. J. Locke at Cannes and Mrs. Wharton at Hyères, we have Senor Ibanez at Menton, where he has bought the Villa Fontana Rosa in the East bay, not to speak of M. Anatole France at Antibes, M. Dominique Durandy at Nice, etc., etc. The Baronne d'Ancton—a sister of Mr. Rider Haggard is at the Bristol at Menton. We shall possibly have Mr. A. W. Mason at Monte soon, while the spirit of Charlie Williamson is always with us.

Throughout the season, the French Riviera and Society's doings there will be fully and intelligently dealt with by Special Correspondents at the different centres, illustrated with drawings in black and white and colour, and with topical photographs.

Golf on the Riviera

BY H. H. HARRIS

A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE FOR NOVICES IN THE GAME

MEN'S CLOTHES

A WOMAN'S VIEW. By MARION CRAN

"GOOD-NIGHT, dear," said she. "Good-night," I dutifully made answer. And then performed the nightly function. Scrambling upon her knee I bestowed a sticky and violent embrace to the soft accompaniment of rustling silk, warmth and perfume. Then turned to father, who bent his tall head from a creaking collar, while my hands, young and sensitive, felt again with wonder the hard, unyielding bite of the grain of the cloth of his coat. My brothers' necks bent, too, from the same creaking forbidding neckboard.

"Why do men feel like boxes?" I asked. And was dismissed as an idle and incessant querist. The impression of that long ago has ever stayed with me, swimming to and fro in the imponderable mass of thought like a fish; renewed, as childhood passed into young maidenhood, and I embarked on the pleasing perils of flirtation. There arrived the astonishing moment when I found myself encircled by the arms of an aspirant in a conservatory, and heard the then unfamiliar language of an evening dress shirt under stress of emotion. A noisy board of starched linen across the admirer's beleaguered bosom attracted my interested curiosity a great deal more than the pressing of his suit, which subsequent experience taught me was graceful.

"THIS then," thought I, "is what girls are to avoid; this effigy in cardboard, this trussed magpie, this crackling breast, this stiff chin that looks as though it must cut itself every time it bends over the collar edge? What a fuss about nothing!"

And left my admirer unaware that the ridiculous fashion of his clothing had saved him from the headlong adventure of matrimony.

Even the ultimate intimacies of my own home and man have never sufficed to clear my mind of that scornful wonder; a sense of discomfort, of impatience at their servility, afflicts me every time I see a man struggling with a stiff linen collar.

Those muscled hinges the neck, and wrists, are so delightful in movement, so full of character, power, challenge promise, that the starched armour becomes an irritation to the eye; one longs to see them free from the yoke of the convention of our day. A man's bared neck is truly a beautiful thing; the strong column, spirited and alert, which upholds what should be his greatest magnificence, his head, has a suave and various beauty; upon that muscled stem is borne the banner of his face, with all it flies of personality and character; and, rounding his face, the noble arch of bone which contains the lure, the menace, the armoury of all his days—his brain. It is an incredible thing that he should permit custom to chain his moving throat in an unhealthy and exacerbating bond.

IN rebellious hours one can picture our streets filled with gallant wights dressed in the graceful duelling kit as we observe it in old pictures; heads and hands springing unenslaved from the soft ruffles of a fine linen shirt; the rest of the body betraying its lithe activity in close knee breeches and slim stockinged legs—a dress to show the supple, vibrant human body to most excellent advantage; a workmanlike garment, too, easy and simple; unencumbered by the fal-lals of multitudinous pieces which make up men's clothes to-day.

Seeing we have as human beings so short a spell in which to enjoy the act of living upon our spinning world, it seems to me the oddest thing that the male half of all the civilised world agrees to forego colour and form, ease and attractiveness in its clothing. Regarded without bias, what can be much more revolting than a large gathering of men as they choose to appear these days? A drab expanse, piteously uniform, distressingly dull; without any of the sparkle or inspiration of colour; without any hinted beauty of the form beneath; unchallenging, unprovocative.

To look upon a crowd of men is to receive afresh every time the uncomfortable suggestion of mud, which is not eased to the introspective mind by further reflection upon our parent clay.

CONVENTIONS are easy to despise, and mighty hard to overthrow. It gives one a sense of enormity to even contemplate the idea of our Emperor and King emerging from the fastnesses of established tailoring. It would be cataclysmic to see our charming Prince of Wales walking down the Mall in a low ruffled shirt and tasty knee breeches, his fair young throat open to the bracing winds of heaven. While one deplores the habit of men, in our time, one quails at the stiff-necked solidarity of its acceptance. It seems to be impregnably entrenched upon the battlements of custom. And yet one is not asking for them to turn out in "volcanoes of silk with lava buttons," to affect long curls, plumed cavalier hats, or any of the extravagances of passed and picturesque days. The plea is for simpler and more comfortable clothing.

Trousers are ungainly devices, they flap at the ankles and bag at the knees; they are wretched wear in the rain, and no one can pretend they have any artistic appeal; and yet it is extraordinarily unlikely that the meek and sheep-like heart of man will beat up into unimaginable revolt, and unanimously demand a change in fashion. While woman, the life-mate and the eternal rebel, skittishly pursues lines of ease and beauty, man, the submissive, will patiently endure the serfdom of a collar, and caricature his attractive legs in strips of cloth remarkably like drain-pipes.

M. C.

The Sceptic Season

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

LOOKING GIFT HORSES IN THE MOUTH

FRENCH GENTLEMAN DECLARES HIS SENTIMENTS

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN EXPRESSES HIS CONVICTIONS

PARISIAN GETS BAD NEWS OF HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW

WHY DO THE FRENCH—

MIDINETTES WHO

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

MES AMIS—

IT may be that it is out of a feeling of desperation that they have commenced. Desperation because they have not won the favours of the Municipal Councillors, who have failed to let them have the garden seats without the charges. But whatever shall be the reason it is certain that the *midinettes* have caught badly the habit of the football. They have not any longer the worry about the such lifeless questions as the free seats. You shall remember that they have made the petition to the council that they shall not be made to pay the *quatre sous* for the little chairs on which they have wished to sit while to eat the buns and the *fruits*. Everyone has agreed that it has not been just to make the charges for the place to eat the *déjeuner* to the work-girls who have not enough *sous* to take a lunch at the restaurant. Yet the council has been so slow to take the action in the matter that the girls have adopted the habit to take their lunch while to stand or to walk about the gardens.

"What the mothers of the girls can have to say about the boots"

IT is thus, no doubt, that they have begun to kick the footballs of the boys who have the custom to play in the Tuileries, and soon they have come to consider it the regular attraction of the luncheon hour. They have the system now to spread the lunch upon the *bancs* and to swallow it in the shortest possible time, in order to get to the game more quickly. And to those who have known the different habits of the girls it is an amazement how terribly serious they consider *le football*. There is not, of course, the coloured jerseys of which the boy footballers are so fond, but there is all the zest and the keenness of the struggles for the *championnat*. There is one little keeper of the goal whom I have often noticed, who should be fit to play for the best of English teams if she had been a boy. She is able to leap and to punch like the best of the *gardiens de but*. One has wondered what the mothers of the girls can have to say about the disasters to the boots, but the *midinettes* seem not to have the care for the consequences since to become fascinated by the *ballon*.

YET one finds it not difficult to remember when the *midinette* has thought so much about her shoes that she has been willing to walk the long, long way round, rather than to cross the road which has been muddied. And even now, while she is prepared to kick the *ballon* out of the puddles, she has the fastidiousness about the dirty streets. It is all the line along that there are the *bouleversements*.

WHO is there who could have thought, *en effet*, that there could be the

PLAY THE FOOTBALL

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

proprietor of a Paris theatre who is prudish? Such a possibility has been utterly beyond the conjecture. Yet the unsuspected has been revealed to exist very pronouncedly, by the agonies of an artist. It should be impolitic of me to disclose who is the artist, but one may hint that he is not an unknown one entirely. Perhaps, because he is young, he can live sufficiently long to recover from the *colère* into which he has been thrown by the exigencies of the proprietor.

"To kick the footballs of the boys"

But if it had been that he was old, one is afraid that the shock could have been fatal. The matter of concern has been a programme which the artist has had the commission to illustrate. He has had to include the figures to represent the Arts. And as he is a French artist, and is to make the programme for a French theatre, he has dealt with the subject in the French fashion. He has not paused to reflect at all upon the question, because he has concluded, quite naturally, that it is for a French public that

"She has the fastidiousness about the dirty streets"

LONDONER GETS THE WRONG NUMBER AGAIN

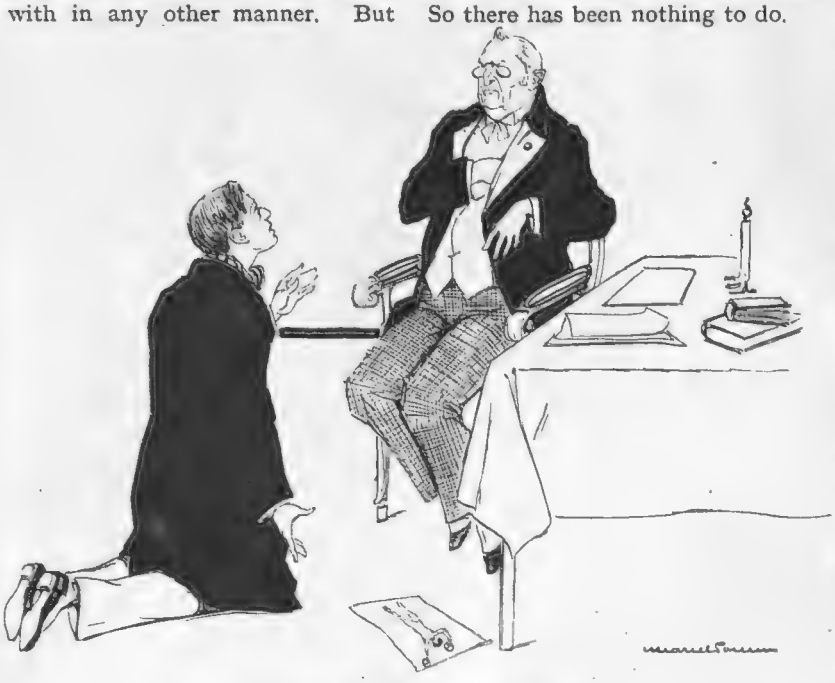
FRENCH FAMILY DISCUSS BRITISH POLITICS

SKETCHES BY M. BUTCHER

BRITISH FAMILY DISCUSS FRENCH MORALS

—CALL THE ENGLISH LETHARGIC?

is intended the programme, and the French public would have the surprise to discover the Arts dealt with in any other manner. But the sarcastic comments, he has found that the editor has been of the similar belief to the *homme du théâtre*. So there has been nothing to do.



"The artist has 'beau faire' to protest"

the *patron* has returned the sketches and has demanded that the Arts shall be clothed in the mysteries. The artist has *beau faire* to protest that these wrapped up shrivelings cannot pose as the Arts, the proprietor has been insistent. The artist has had to delve into the wardrobe and produce the demanded garments.

o

WHAT can explain the unusualness of the *patron*? Is it that he anticipates a large number of the audiences from the modest English isle? That should account to some extent, but it has seemed rather tardy to discover. But it has come to be learned that the impulse is not confined to him alone. When the artist has sought to have his *revanche* by to get his original *croquis* published in an illustrated journal, with

BUT though one can understand the astonishment of the artist, there is the satisfaction about the incident if it may be interpreted as a reaction against the *révolutionnaires* of the Salon d'Automne. There has been the need to counteract the torturings. And yet there are the people who have the affection for the horrors of the advanced ones. One has learned that there are the heavy purchases of the works (works is an extremely fit word because they look as if they had been achieved with a broom) by the *amateurs* from Japan.

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IT is a problem to conceive what they can have of the appeal to Japan. Unless it is to persuade the Japanese to stay away from a Europe which is peopled with the such monstrosities as the *jeunes* have mounted upon the canvasses.

o

THERE are the rich Japanese who are prepared to squander the millions upon the weird blotches of the ultra-moderns. But then the Japanese were always the men of mystery. One of them might even be prepared to pay the vast sums for the original of the rejected programme. I must speak to the artist about it. ROLAND

HER APRON STRINGS

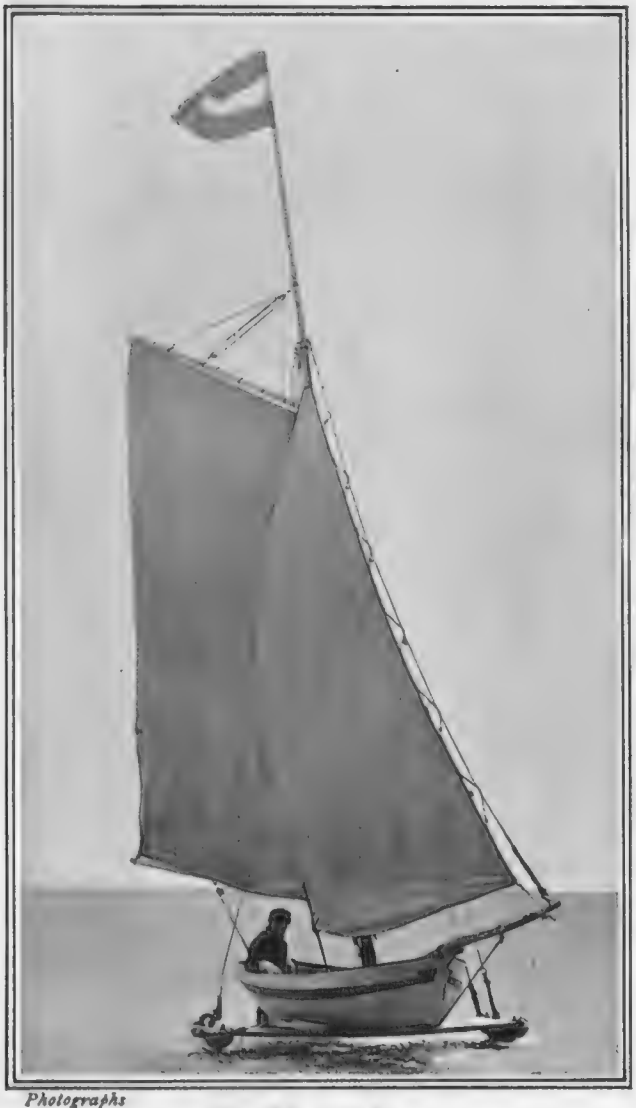
By VICTOR HICKS

"Just how long are we going to stand for this?"

In Ice-Bound Holland

AN EGG AND SPOON RACE

On finishing this race the competitors had to transfer the egg from the spoon to the neck of a bottle—a task that needs a great deal of care when you are on skates!



Photographs

AN ICE YACHT

Central News

OFF FOR A RUN

The wintry weather has transformed the "land of dykes" into a skater's paradise, where the frozen waterways become the quickest and most direct way of communication. It will be noticed that the wooden shoes of the children are retained exclusively for use "ashore"

Reflections

BY STAN TERRY

"Kitty threw up her part because she didn't like one of her dresses?"
"Yes—she told me it was really more than she could bare"

The Faithful Heart

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by* MACMICHAEL

THIS is the story of a man who does the right thing, a feat apparently so rare that Mr. Monckton Hoffe has been moved to write a play about it. The prologue of the play is dated 1899, and it reminds us in an interesting way of the days when England was free. One feature, to begin with, moves the audience to much laughter, for the ladies wear skirts reaching to their ankles, in accordance with the fashion of the period. And, as we all know, that is a very antiquated idea. The scene is "The Reindeer Hotel outside Southampton Docks"; and here again we have a lively reminder of the liberties we have lost. There is dear old Major Lestrade, quite a wonderful splash of humour by Mr. Lawrence Hanray. The Major is really not so sober as he ought to be, and he is continually finding an excuse for another of the same. And every time he takes a fresh tot, thus adding fuel to the fire as it were, there is a knowing masculine guffaw in the house which delights the ears of the unregenerate.

THEN there is Miss Gatterscombe, the middle-aged lady who runs the hotel. She also appears to have "had a couple"; but she keeps her dignity with it; and expresses her views quite clearly every time she can succeed in controlling her voice. She is the aunt to two young ladies known respectively as Ginger and Blacky. They are so called from the colour of their hair. There is trouble in the home owing to the fact that Blacky went for a trip to the Isle of Wight with a handsome sailor man and never said anything about it to anybody. By all accounts the adventure was not one to be noised abroad, anyway. Presently the sailor man appears on the scene personally. He is Waverley Ango, an officer of the mercantile marine; and he has come to say good-bye to Blacky. He will stand no nonsense from the bibulous Major, and still less from Aunt Gatterscombe. They must clear out so that he may take affectionate leave of his girl.

BLACKY, like the sensitive prisoner in the dock, feels her position keenly. She has no doubt in her own mind that Waverley Ango is leaving her for ever, and

Continued on page 688)

Cinderel

—OR WHEN THE CLOCK

[*We offer no prize for Cinderella's remark*

erella—

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

OCK STRUCK TWELVE

lla's remarks on the matter.—Ed.]

there is the one specific reason why he ought to marry her before sailing away. Waverley Ango, on his side, is tenderness itself. He is probably convinced that he will want to come back and marry the girl on the return voyage of his ship; but then, as the song says, you know what sailors are! Blacky is told that she must sit at the window, and as the sirens blow in Southampton Harbour by way of heralding the ship's departure, Waverley will answer with a shriller siren which Blacky will hear, and which will be proof positive, or thereabouts, that his heart beats only for her. And then he sails away and never gives the girl another thought. This is the end of a very excellent prologue. Mr. Godfrey Tearle's fine presence is seen to advantage in the part of the gentle, but unreliable, sailor man; while Miss Mary Odette represents the erring Blacky with a tender charm.

THEN twenty years roll by, and, as we all know, some of those years had a pretty heavy list on them. Twenty years from 1899 is—excuse me for a moment while I count up on my fingers — oh, yes, the answer is, 1919. Waverley Ango has been through the War, and has risen to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. But now that a sort of peace has been declared he finds it difficult to live on his pay, and he thinks of getting demobbed and going out to Africa, where you can live a man's life, even if your necktie is not always on straight. But there is an obstacle in the way of his project. He has fallen in love with a nice girl named Diana, and she simply worships him. And she won't hear of his leaving the Army, as she has always wanted to marry a soldier, and is rich enough to keep one in the standard of comfort to which he has been accustomed. But Waverley Ango naturally rebels against such a notion. His pay is small; but if Diana marries him they must live upon it as best they can.

DIANA smiles with a quiet confidence, but says nothing. Waverley asks her to go and inspect a flat in West Kensington, which he thinks will be suitable for a young couple of modest means. Diana looks at the flat and says she would not take it as a gift, especially as just behind Park Lane an aunt of hers has got a flat to let at precisely the same rent as Waverley's West Kensington fancy. Then somebody comes to tell Waverley that he has been elected to a fashionable West

(Continued on page 690)

"The Fayrest of the Fayre"

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

JUNE

Whose clever dancing in "Fun of the Fayre" at the Pavilion is one of the chief attractions of that very attractive revue

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

End club, and benefits are showered upon him as freely as the boils were dotted about the Patriarch Job. Naturally, Waverley begins to smell a rat, assuming that the presence of these rodents is discernible by the olfactory sense. Presently it becomes clear to him that for the purpose of keeping him in the Army, so that they can trot him round in his lovely uniform from time to time, Diana and her friends are simply smothering him behind his back in large cheques and postal-orders and other things of that sort that people allege really do exist.

THEN Waverley gets another shock. A timid young girl calls to see him. She has been trying for years to trace him in order that she may deliver a letter her mother wrote before she died. She says her name is Blacky. Her mother called the girl by that name because it is one that daddy chose for herself long ago. Waverley is mildly amused at the incident; but he cannot see at first what these intimate family details have to do with him. Then Blacky II refers to the old hotel at Southampton, and Waverley begins to remember things, thus supplying the delicate implication that his affair with Blacky No. 1 was but one of many of its kind. Blacky II is very quiet and very deferential, and is, apparently, quite prepared to go away again as soon as Waverley declares the interview at an end. So that it comes quite as a dramatic surprise when, in answer to his question as to whether she knows what he is to her, she replies very promptly in the affirmative.

AFTER that Waverley decides to keep his newly found daughter with him. She is sorry he is going to marry a rich lady and live in expensive surroundings, as she will be out of place there. She says she could look after him so much better if they were really poor. I judged that her ambition was to have a father whose dinner could be brought to him every day in a knotted red handkerchief.

IT so happens, however, that Diana refuses (like another stage heroine recently) to harbour her husband's illegitimate child, and Waverley's way is, therefore, clear. He will take his daughter to his South African farm, and escape once and for all from the gilded cage in which Diana would imprison him. Diana is represented with agreeable freshness by Miss Molly Kerr; and Blacky II is, of course, the part doubled by Miss Mary Odette after Blacky I has been accounted for. The play is extremely well acted, and is already, as it deserves to be, an established success. JINGLE

The Pessimist

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

"Wot's to-day, Bill?"
"Monday"
"S'trewth, wot a day to begin the week wiv!"

I Have Often Wondered—

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

—How some of these jolly looking Father Christmases spend their evenings after office hours

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Birds of Passage

By A. D. Peters

THE fog crept slowly up from the river and spread like a yellow shroud over London, smearing the houses with a clammy hand and wrapping itself closely round the few lamps which still burnt above the deserted streets.

In the West the crowds of Christmas revellers had long ago poured out of theatres and restaurants and noisily sought their homes, abandoning the scene to the prowlers of the night.

A man, shabbily clad in a long, loose overcoat, his shoulders hunched in the hang-dog attitude of the homeless vagrant, shuffled slowly along Coventry Street. At the stone step of a theatre doorway he paused and peered downwards, as though seeking a resting-place for the night. A gruff voice hailed him:

"Come on, mate. Plenty o' room for two!"

The man hesitated, then approached and sat down in the other corner.

"Broke?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Hard luck. It's a bad night to be out o' doors."

"Same for you as for me, I suppose," said the man grudgingly.

"Well, not exactly," answered the other. "You see, I'm here from choice."

The newcomer laughed. "*I* wouldn't choose this way of spending Christmas morning if I could help it," he said, contemptuously.

"P'raps not," replied the other, without resentment. "But I'm waiting for a pal. You'll see him come along soon and pick me up in his car."

He spoke airily, with evident pride. Certainly one would hardly associate a midnight derelict of his stamp with moneyed friends, and the speaker himself seemed to await some question or exclamation of surprise. But no word was forthcoming. The other man had huddled himself still closer into his corner, and he sat now with hanging head, motionless, as though asleep.

"It was a year ago to-day I first met him—Christmas Day. I wouldn't be likely to forget it. No more wouldn't he. I was sitting on this here step, down and out, so hungry I couldn't sleep."

The man glanced again at his companion. Undeterred, however, by his apparent lack of interest he continued speaking in a monotonous, droning voice, with only an occasional pause while he puffed reflectively at an old clay pipe.

"There wasn't a soul about. The sleet and cold had driven 'em all home long ago. I reckoned I was done for the night, and was settling down to make the best of it, when I saw a car coming along slow towards the circus. Knowing it was my last chance I rushed out into the road and waved for it to stop. There was a bloke inside, half leaning out o' the window as if he was looking for something. The moment he saw me he stopped the car and stared at me hard. I started some tale about being starving and it being Christmas and all that, but he cuts me short, and asks:

"'What's yer name?'

"'Bill North,' I says.

"'Are the police after you for anything?' he goes on.

"'Not as I knows of,' I says 'I'm an honest man, I am.'

"At that he gives a nasty sort o' laugh.

"'Honest!' he says. 'Well, I shouldn't be surprised if you were. This is what honesty brings a man to.'

"I wasn't feeling too partic'lar just then, and I begun telling him so, but he cuts me short again and says:

"'You'll do. Jump in.'

"I jumped, and away we went at once, fast, across the circus and down Piccadilly.

"'What's the game, guvnor?' I says.

"He never answered a word, but just sat back with his eyes shut. I took a good look at him sideways, and he didn't strike me as the sort that would be wanting me for any Father Christmas foolery or play-acting to please the kids. Youngish, he was, in evening-dress, black shiny hair, pasty face, eyeglass hanging on a little black string—the nut all complete, as you might say, but far from being a fool or a blinking philanthropist. His face was hard and his hands, lying white on his black togs, had the longest, thinnest fingers I ever see. They gave him a greedy, clutching look.

"Soon the car turned down Park Lane and pulled up in front o' one o' them huge houses on the right. He opens his eyes at once, gets out and holds the door open for me.

"'Come along,' he says.

"Up the marble steps we went and in through the front door for which he had a key. The lights were on in the hall, but there wasn't a soul about. He hung up his things round a corner and started walking up the stairs with me at his heels. On the first landing he stopped at a door behind which I could hear the noise of people laughing and talking. Then he flung it open and walked in. The whole room was a blaze of lights, and sitting round was about a dozen men smoking cigars and drinking. The moment they clapped eyes on me standing

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"BIRDS OF PASSAGE" (continued)

there, the row they had been making stopped dead. They just sat up and stared.

"'Gentlemen,' says my bloke, 'allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Bill North.'

"There was silence for a bit. Then one of 'em recovers himself enough to say:

"'What is he, Considine? A Christmas present?'

"'Not exactly,' he answers. 'Mr. North has consented to act as my partner in a little scheme I have in hand. Sit down, Mr. North, and help yourself to some sandwiches and a drink.'

"Although I didn't know what the blazes he meant by his talk o' partners, I understood the rest of his speech, and I took him at his word, quick. I wanted something inside me. I pitched into what I could find, while he started explaining to his friends.

"'You will remember, gentlemen,' he says, 'that after dinner an argument arose between Berners and me about the thing he calls Luck. He says luck plays a very great part in the amassing of wealth. I myself, as you all know, began life penniless. Berners holds that my success is due to the lucky circumstance of war. I deny it. I say there is no such thing as luck. The only thing that counts is the will to succeed. Any man of intelligence can succeed under any circumstances, at any time, provided that he doesn't hamper himself by the kind of weakness which fools call honesty. I am going to put my theories to a practical test, and for that purpose I have brought in my friend, Mr. North. I believe he hasn't a penny in the world.'

"He looked at me and I shook my head. I still didn't see what it was all going to lead to, and I was getting tired of his speechifying.

"'My plan,' he went on, 'is this. Mr. North and I will change places. He is going to take over my visible assets, and I am going to take over his, such as they are, and we shall both begin the battle of life afresh.'

"I tell you," said the tramp, leaning forward excitedly in the direction of the motionless figure in the other corner, "I tell you his words sent me all of a heap. I thought the chap must be mad, or drunk, or both. So did the others, seemingly. They started a row like a lot of old women, all but one old buffer sitting quiet in a corner, who I reckoned must be Berners himself. Some shouted at him, some argued with him, and some just laughed at the whole thing. For a good ten minutes you couldn't hardly have heard yourself speak.

"I was all against 'em, of course, and if I could have said anything to make Considine still keener on his bet, I would ha' done. But I didn't need. He was the pig-headed sort, and the more his pals argued, the more firm he got.

"'It's no use,' he says, 'I've made up my mind. I'm tired of this easy sort of life. I want the real struggle again, the fighting another man for the bone he's got and taking it away from him. You can't turn me from it however much you talk. Besides, Berners and I have got a small bet fixed up on it.'

"'How much?' asks someone.

"'Ten thousand,'" answers Considine.

"'How long?' says someone else.

"'A year,' says my bloke. Then, fed up with their questions, he turns to me and says, 'If you're ready, we'll go upstairs and change. There's nothing like a good start.'

"I got up, still a bit dazed like, and we had got as far as the door when somebody shouts:

"'Considine, you can't do it. What about the rest of us?'

"He turned round quickly. 'What do you mean?' he asks.

"'I mean the Considine Development Trust,' says the bloke. 'You know very well that it's none too solid yet, and we're all in it pretty deep—all except Berners, that is. You can't go fooling round London disguised as a tramp and leave the show to go smash.'

"'Why should it go smash?' asked Considine. 'Can't the rest of you see to it without me for a year?'

"The chap hesitates a moment, looks at the others, and says:

"'No, we can't. If you go I shall withdraw my money at once.'

"'So shall I!' shouts three or four of 'em.

"I looked at Considine, expecting he'd tell 'em to go to the devil. But his face showed something had gone wrong with his plans all of a sudden. He was thinking hard, staring at the crowd with his eyes half shut.

"Then all of a sudden he chucks himself back into his chair again.

"'You're right, you fellows,' he says, quite calm. 'I'll have to put off my little trip to the underworld.'

"'You can't do that,' says Berners. 'You've either got to pay me ten thousand or go.'

"Considine looks at the others. 'I appeal to the company,' he says. 'Was any time or date mentioned?'

"Of course they were on his side, whatever the rights of the case really was. They voted solidly against Berners, and arranged the bet should be put off for a year from that day. The old boy took it quite well. It didn't make much odds to him, I suppose. But it did to me, and I began to raise the dust like mad. No use, o' course. In the end Considine give me a hundred pound and promised so meet me in a year's time. Stood to reason, he said, that he'd rather have me than anybody else, now that I knew about it, and he swore solemn that whatever happened he'd come and meet me here next Christmas morning."

The man tapped the bowl of his pipe out reflectively into his hand.

"That's why I'm here," he added, with an air of finality, "and that's why I'm waiting."

His companion moved for the first time since the tramp had begun his story, and raised his head. Evidently he had listened, for he now said:

"Very interesting. But he won't come."

"Oh, yes, he will," replied North, confidently. "I know his sort. If he says a thing he'll do it."

"You may be right about that," replied the other, slowly, "but I happen to know what I'm talking about. Considine won't come. That Development Trust went smash—and ruined him and thousands of others."

North raised himself quickly to his feet, and bent fiercely over the man still crouching in his corner.

"I don't believe it," he shouted,

angrily, "what do *you* know about it?"

"I ought to know," answered the other, unperturbed. "I'm one of the people he's ruined."

North gasped and sat down again heavily.

"Gawd!" he exclaimed. "That's a knock, that is! I'd a backed that fellow to do the whole world down." He pondered, reluctant to abandon all hope. "I shouldn't wonder, though," he went on, "if he hasn't managed to keep plenty o' dough for himself. These blokes gen'rally do. Maybe he'll turn up yet."

"There's no chance of it, I'm afraid," said the other, not unsympathetically. "The papers say he's disappeared."

"Disappeared, has he?" said North, resentment welling up within him. "Well, I call it a blasted shame, the way he's messed me about."

"I don't see that *you* have much cause for bitterness," said the other. "I suppose the hundred he gave you helped you on a bit?"

"That's true," replied North, slightly mollified. "I've got a fruit and veg. stall now and a fairish pitch down Islington way. Suppose I'd better be getting back to it. No use sitting here grumbling and freezing that I can see."

He rose abruptly.

The other watched him for a moment. Then, making a sudden resolution, he got up and touched his arm.

North turned.

"What d'you want?" he asked.

"This man Considine . . ." began the other, hesitatingly. "He . . . he set you up, you said . . . and he's ruined me. Could you . . . could you let me have something . . . just for a bit of food in the morning?"

"Well, mate," said North, "I don't know as the mention o' Considine is what I'd call tactful at the moment, seeing how he's kept me waiting here in the cold and never turned up. Still," he went on with a touch of compassion, "I know what it's like being dead broke. I reckon I can manage half a dollar for you."

He thrust his hand into his pocket, and gave the other a coin.

"Good-night, mate," he said.

"Good-night."

As soon as he had disappeared into the fog the other slowly sat down again in his corner.

"Perhaps you're right, Mr. North," he said aloud. "It may not have been exactly tactful of me to force my name upon you. But, at any rate, I kept my promise." A. D. PETERS

By Graham Simmons

He: "That tune's not new" She: "No, it's by Mozart; he's dead" He: "Is he?" She: "Yes, didn't you know?" He: "No. I didn't even know he was ill!"

Sunshine and Snow

Photograph **ZWEISIMMEN** *G. Muller*

A striking study of the ski-ing grounds at this famous resort in the Bernese Oberland, where the Swiss Winter Sports' Season is now well under way

IN ENGLAND-NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"At last week's Garden Party Ball"

LONDON, *December* 19

DEAR COUSIN

I SIMPLY must say it . . . A Merry Christmas! Sounds positively frightfully and fearfully *démodé* these days, I know—and, anyway, how *could* anyone's Christmas be really merry these days, with inc. tax up to about 19*s.* 11½*d.* in the £, and income down to about the odd eleven-three, if that?

BUT, after all, tradish. is tradish., and I do believe in keeping the old flag flying if poss., don't you? Do let's gather round the ingle-nook and light the Yule Log and get our teeth into the Boar's Head and our sixpences out of the plum pudding while we may—and let the horrid old modern world go hang (or worse) just for a little while, anyhow, now that Christmas is here, here in England now (see Browning and all the rest of 'em)—what?

RATHER a joy, really (though, of course, we all despise it so utterly) to be completely and entirely old-fashioned again for once. Though do we *really* contemn and spurn it *quite* as wholeheartedly as some of us seem to think? I ask—with all humility—as a certain not altogether unknown memoirist (and humorist) might say.

SOME of those old, old-fashioned ways and ways of thinking aren't really *quite* so bad as you might think, in their own particular old-fashioned fashion, when you come to think of it, are they? Not unspeakably unpleasant, for instance, to be greeted by a quite reasonably attractive cousin (even if once, or several times, removed) at Christmas party, under mistletoe, in seasonably old-fashioned manner? Or to take your little whack out of the wassail-bowl (suitably prepared) when wassail-time's arrived—and the dance is just about to begin.

"To be greeted by a quite reasonably attractive cousin"

WONDERFUL, you know, *entre nous*, how wassail-bowls (or equivalents thereof) do seem to help us on our way when we're dancing. I mean, don't care for more than a glass or so meself, of course, but when it comes to one of these all-night, or, anyway, till-3-a.m. dances, must have *some* sort of sustenance, mustn't you? to help you carry on, and it can't be *all* in solid form. At last week's Garden Party Ball, *par exemple*, can't tell you *exactly* how many glasses of champagne I imbibed, but it really did help simply enormously to brighten my evening—and, I hope, others', too!

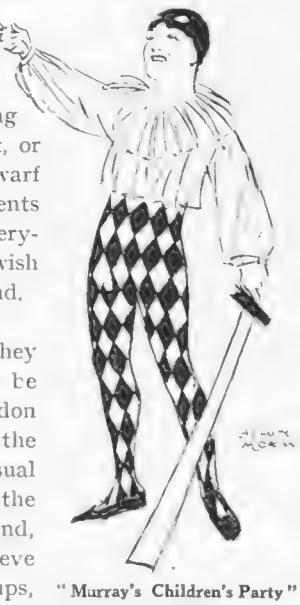
PERFECTLY lovely dance same night, by the way, at Prince's, where the famous Heatherley School of Fine Art (that Thackeray wrote about in *The Newcomes*) was giving one of its few and far between and very select fancy dress balls. They do have some ideas, these young artist people, you know, what? One of which, in the present instance, was to have a perfectly good post office in the dance-room, for writing to anybody you didn't know. Letters addressed by dress, so to speak.

E.g. To the young man with the pretty blue eyes and the nice smooth, black hair, dressed as a white Pierrot. . . . from yours lovingly, pale blue Louis XVI frock, with pearl necklace, and powdered hair. Letters delivered by intelligent postwomen at suitable intervals. And the consequence was? Ah, well, now you're *asking*. . . .

BUT talking of dances (and the refreshment appertaining thereto), rather new and entertaining *régime* there was in the supper-room at the Kent House dance the other night, which was attended by all the best people—including your

Blanchette. Nothing to drink but lemonade and (I ask you!) beer! Quite fairly popular, of course, it was, among the men—the younger ones, anyway—this particular form of alc. I mean. But you *should* have seen some of the faces of some of the thirstier among *us*, when they heard the ultimatum . . . !

QUITE more than usually delightful, though, to dance in those wonderful Knightsbridge rooms, with their black and gold decorations on a deep blue ground. Impossible really to describe to you properly how marvellous those rich golden outstanding pictures of elephants and things look, or how extraordinary it is they don't dwarf the not at all monstrous apartments wherein they dwell. The effect of everything's so brilliant, yet soft. How I do wish *I* were rich enough . . . but never mind.



"Murray's Children's Party"

APROPOS of Christmas, though, they do say as how it's going to be quite a cheerful festival here in London now, even if you don't fare forth to the ancestral country mansion for the usual Yuletide celebrations *à la* Lord of the Manor and all that sort of thing—and, really, I'm almost beginning to believe them. Not merely for the grown-ups, either. Lots of children's parties going around, too, at the big restaurants and clubs—Murray's on the 21st, Ciro's next day, and so on. And all sorts of lovely toys and favours and crackers to be given to the fortunate infants who attend. Oh, why *didn't* they start this sort of thing just a few short years ago, when you and I . . . ? but, once more, never mind.

LOTS of peace and goodwill seasonably in the atmosphere just now, isn't there? what with an Irish agreement at last (spite of that irreconcilable rebel, Mr. de Valera), and the French Premier coming over to see Mr. Lloyd George, and the new four-power pact they've arranged at Washington and all the rest of it. But I do wish they could have managed to fix us up on pre-War lines every *other* sort of way, just while they were about it.

THERE'S prices, for instance. Coals gone down a bit certainly, which is one joy. And meat they do say is dropping. But lots of other things like veg. are shooting upwards instead of downwards all the time. Some say it's 'cos of Christmas—in which case I withdraw any encouraging remarks I may have made about the above-named anniversary or Feast of the Church. Not quite fair, is it, to penalise us just because we are so foolishly attached to our old traditions and celebrations and things?

AM perhaps rather prejudiced about everything myself, though, and taking rather a jaundiced view of things, as they say. Just 'cos (as it happens) I've been in bed for the last week with one of those chills which are *so* particularly annoying when the thermom.'s fairly high and only summer things normally wearable—and equally so or more if it's freezing fit to bust and skating and tobogganing's going on all around.

THOUGH there *are*, I must confess, *some* joys attached to the condition of a (not too frightfully serious) invalid, these cold grey mornings when the sun seems to be hesitating about when it'll really rise—and doesn't always properly make up its mind until it's rather too late to be any use for anything except just to "clock in," so to speak, and report that it's attended up to time and according to schedule. Lazy joys, I fear, but (alas! again) none the less pleasing and gratifying for that.

NOT an entirely negligible pleasure, for instance, of these frigid and repulsive December morns, to deliver proudly and independently (if also somewhat sleepily) an 8 a.m. Ukase for Breakfast-In-Bed—and snuggle down again into the bedclothes with the sure and certain expectation of another hour at least in paradise . . . Or lazily to lift the bedroom telephone to a drowsy ear, and postpone that lunch at the Belgravia and the Hyde Park *thé dansant* that was to have followed.

AND then just lap yourself in the rapture of a quite irresponsible *dolce far niente* for, anyway, just one day and a night. Which, these crowded Christmassy days, is a precious rarity that takes some getting, I give you my word.

With love,
yours ever,
BLANCHETTE

"Veg. are shooting upwards"

Another "Christmas Annual"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

THE OLYMPIA CIRCUS

They're all there—Archie the elephant, Pimpo the clown, and Georgie the giraffe—only his neck was too long to get on to this page. Christmas this year is essentially for the children, and they will have plenty to amuse them

By Field, Stream & Covert

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Looking Ahead

A BOOKMAKER friend in the North of England who does me the honour of receiving my cheques during the racing season—yes, now and again I get one in return from him—sends me his quotations on coming events. Now, this man is really the pioneer of present-day ante-post betting, and his weekly lists are often highly instructive. He has, apparently, begun to get busy on the Derby. Early in December he was offering "100 to 8 the field" on the great classic race, which was sufficient indication of the unusually open character of the coming Derby. But his latest quotations are as follows: "8 to 1 Pondoland, 10 to 1 Lembach, 100 to 7 bar two."

The Joel Problem

BUT is Pondoland better than Polyhistor, and will he carry Mr. Solly Joel's first colours in the Derby? Those are questions which I doubt whether Mr. Joel himself and his trainer, E. G. de Mestre, would feel themselves competent to answer at present. Everything depends upon how the two colts winter. If one comes on a few pounds more than the other he will be the stable's choice at Epsom. It is easy, however, to foresee that

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

MASTER OF THE BELVOIR

An excellent snap-shot of Major T. Bouch, the popular Master of the Belvoir, with his mother, who is a keen rider to hounds

Photograph *H. C. Buckle*

WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR HOUNDS

Admiral Wilkin, D.S.O., R.N. and Mrs. Wilkin, regular followers of the Bramham Moor pack, at a recent meet at Spofforth

Mr. de Mestre may find it embarrassing to have to choose between them. Mr. Joel nearly made a ghastly mistake when he declared to win with Sicyon (who is not in the classic races) instead of with Pondoland at Hurst Park. He will hesitate before he places himself in such a predicament again.

Not Much Between 'Em

IN the Free Handicap Polyhistor was reckoned 3 lb. better than Pondoland, but you will remember that the latter was chosen to represent the Sefton Lodge stable in that race. The truth is that there has never been much to choose between Sicyon, Polyhistor, and Pondoland in their home gallops, and there is a great diversity of opinion as to which of them will make the best three-year-old. Going strictly on the book of form there is no justification for quoting Pondoland at a shorter price than Lembach, for the latter beat Polyhistor fairly and squarely at Doncaster.

In and Out

THE trouble with Lembach is that he never seems to run twice alike. Look, for example, at the comparatively poor show he made against Scamp at Ascot. At Goodwood he ought surely to have given the weight to Fodder, while in his final race he was "all out" to beat Hebrides. Not one of those three efforts made him look like a probable Derby winner, but on other occasions he displayed genuine brilliancy.

Better Wait

FOR my part I shall be loath to venture upon any winter selection for the Derby. It would be taking a hazardous leap in the dark. What we have to remember is that the hard ground during the past year played the dickens with training arrangements, especially so far as the two-year-olds were concerned. Cautious trainers would not run the risk of breaking down their most promising youngsters by working them on brick-like gallops. So the chances are that next May we shall be earnestly discussing the Derby favouritism of a colt of whom we have scarcely heard at present! The regular followers of racing will not be sorry to have the two-days' holiday which the fixture-list allows at the close of this week. Hurst Park will be the attraction on Wednesday and the following day. I will content myself with the suggestion that **Senhora** will win the race selected for her.

BY "THE TOUT"

"OVER THE STICKS"

"There goes a fiver!" But W. Payne is noted for his acrobatic performances and all may not yet be lost. As a cross-country rider with years of experience Payne has few superiors in England to-day

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE AVON VALE MOVING OFF TO COVERT AFTER MEETING AT LORD GLANELEY'S HOUSE AT LACKHAM, NEAR CHIPPENHAM

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

"81 Not Out!"

CONGRATULATIONS are due this week to Lord Chaplin on his eighty-first birthday. His recent outings with the Cottesmore have caused much comment in the papers, and no wonder. For is it not something of an achievement at his age to ride to hounds? The Duke of Beaufort, who is about eight years Lord Chaplin's junior, does not ride nowadays owing to an accident. He manages to see quite a lot of sport in his car, but no doubt he envies his old friend the ability still to ride a good horse to hounds.

The Young Idea

BUT at this season of the year we must give a thought to our young enthusiasts as well as to the grand old men of foxhunting. One of the most interesting features of the hunting gatherings at Christmas-time is the presence at the meets of the boys and girls home from school, all immensely proud of their ponies and very keen on the sport. You will hear some of the crusty old fogies growl when the youngsters crush in at gates and gaps. They will want to know what the hunting-field is coming to that it should be made a holiday play-ground. But, of course, that's all stuff and nonsense.

To-morrow's M.F.H.

THE schoolboy of to-day is the hunt subscriber, and possibly the M.F.H., of to-morrow. Do all you can to foster his inborn enthusiasm for the sport. The position of foxhunting is not so strong that we can afford to discourage these young Nimrods. Similarly, do not grumble if you find the country overrun with foot-people on Boxing Day. This is one of the few days of the season when many folk have a chance of seeing the hounds, and it is all for the good of foxhunting that they should have their bit of Christmas sport. In accordance with time-honoured custom the majority of M.F.H.'s have arranged their meets on Boxing Day and the following morning for the largest towns in their respective districts or other convenient centres where the populace can see the full regalia of the Chase and join "the glad throng that goes laughing along."

Christmas in the Field

THERE are indications at the moment of writing of open weather for the Christmas meets, but you never can tell. It is a point to the good that we have had an open winter so far, but the middle of December found foxhunters in most countries complaining of the hard going.

Don't Forget

BY the way, don't forget the little *douceurs* to the Hunt servants this week. They well deserve their Christmas boxes. They love their job and are paid for doing it. At the same time, they never weary of trying to show sport in all weathers, and when hounds are running hard they cannot afford to search around for the easy places like so many of their followers do.

A. W. C.

Photograph *Topical Press*

MEET OF THE WEST SOMERSET AT CLATWORTHY

Captain and Mrs. Bowles waiting for hounds to draw

Photographs

THE OXFORD ELEVEN

After a thrilling game, in which the standard of the play was very much higher than it has been of late years, Oxford beat Cambridge in the 'Varsity Association football match on the Monday of last week by 3 goals—all scored in the last quarter of an hour—to nil. There was really nothing in it, for

SPORTS & PASTIMES

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Oxford v. Cambridge

IN conformity with tradition the non-favourites won the 'Varsity "Soccer" match last week, but it was a thrilling encounter, for, although Cambridge had rather the best of it, neither side could score until about fifteen minutes from the end, and then Oxford suddenly gained the mastery sufficiently to enable them to put on three goals in rapid succession. But what mattered more than the actual result was the play. For some time past—not only since the War, but also before it—the standard of "Soccer" at the 'Varsities has been far from high, and keenness for the game has been rather on the wane. The increasing popularity of hockey may have had something to do with this.

The Real Thing

BUT last week's match proved conclusively that things are looking up. Not only was the play hard and clean, as would naturally be expected, but there was real football science shown by both sides—not the science of juggling with the ball, at which professional teams are so adept, but the science of swift, low passes accurately given and received at full gallop. It was, in fact, football of the true 'Varsity and Public School type, which the Corinthians in their palmy days played to such perfection, and which I verily believe they will play again to equal perfection if the 'Varsities, from whom they are mainly recruited, maintain their present rate of progress. And although the game was such a hard one, with plenty of good honest charging in it, no one was hurt, and the referee's whistle had something approaching to a half-holiday.

A Contrast

BY way of contrast to this, I observe that in the first round of the Football Association Amateur Cup there were no fewer than three cases in which a player was ordered off the field—pretty hot for men who style themselves amateurs. The first thing a footballer should learn is to keep himself under control, and it is the last thing that some of them seem to think about. This is where the value of public school and 'Varsity training comes in. It teaches men to take hard knocks without losing their tempers.

TENNIS

A Novel "Test"

SOME few weeks ago I had occasion to mention that the form of the leading players at Oxford and Cambridge is so good just now that a match between

Photograph *L. N. A.*

WELL PLAYED!

H. M. Ward-Clarke, the Oxford goalkeeper, by making a timely "dive," saves a hot shot by H. Ashton (seen in the centre of the picture) at the expense of a corner. Ward-Clarke's cleverness in goal all through the game secured for him a personal triumph

Sport and General

THE CAMBRIDGE ELEVEN

Cambridge were generally the more aggressive, but could not penetrate the sterling Oxford defence The turn of the tide which gave Oxford their three goals was quite dramatic

a combined team of the two 'Varsities and a team representing the rest of England was in contemplation. The match duly came off at the beginning of last week at Queen's Club and the Rest won, as was more or less anticipated; but although the score in their favour was 7 matches to 1, two being left unfinished owing to failing light, several of those seven matches were so close that they might quite easily have gone the other way.

Two Close Tussles

FOR instance, R. H. Hill, the Cambridge first string and the best man on the 'Varsity side, only lost to E. A. C. Druce, the holder of the M.C.C. Silver Prize, after being within a point of beating him, and the Hon. J. S. R. Tufton had to extricate himself twice from a very tight place before he overcame J. C. F. Simpson (Oxford).

The Champion Hard Pressed

E. M. BAERLEIN, the champion, beat V. A. Cazalet, the Oxford first string, comfortably, but later on Hill ran him to 6-4 in the first set of one of the two unfinished matches — a fine performance, since the champion is in a class by himself among the amateurs of this country. The encounter was not too well stage-managed, for ten matches on two courts take some "getting through," and at this time of the year when the light in a court under cover begins to fail quite early in the afternoon, an earlier start than 10 a.m. was surely advisable. The Rest, as it happened, had won the requisite majority of matches when play stopped, but if the 'Varsities had won two of the matches which they just lost an unconvincing draw would have had to be recorded.

Photograph *Topical*

THE TWO FIRST MEN HOME

In the 'Varsity Cross-Country race. W. R. Seagrove (Cambridge), on the right, was first, and W. A. Grace (Oxford), second

Photograph *Sport and General*

CROSSING BEVERLEY BROOK

In the 'Varsity Cross-Country Race at Roehampton, which Cambridge won (thereby reversing last year's result) by a single point. N. A. McInnes (Oxford) is leading, and W. R Seagrove, the Cambridge president, who was ultimately first, is second. E. A. Montague and N. A. McInnes, of Oxford, who were first and second last year, were not at their best, but Seagrove, who has "come on" a lot, ran splendidly

LAWN TENNIS

Official Reticence

I WAS rather surprised to find that at the annual general meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association last week only one or two passing references were made to the matter of overcrowded entry lists at open tournaments—one of the most pressing difficulties with which those who are concerned with the administrative side of the game are at present confronted. One of the new regulations may

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

possibly have the effect of slightly reducing congestion, and there was a statement in the report of the Council that further additions will be made to the Recommendations, but apart from this the lawn tennis world at large is still in blissful ignorance as to what is being done. The report of the Council is always taken as read and approved readily enough and without comment because it consists, in the main, of a somewhat bald recital of facts of which everybody is cognisant. The one big meeting of the year at which affiliated Associations and clubs are entitled to be represented is, surely, an occasion upon which a general indication of the future policy and plans of the Council upon all matters of moment might appropriately be given.

America's "No"

THERE was, however, one matter of paramount importance upon which information was forthcoming. A deadlock has arisen in the negotiations as to the terms upon which America will join the International Federation. America refuses to recognise the "World's" Championship instituted by that body, and demands their abolition as a condition of her joining it. And there we are! The Americans do not claim that they should participate in the holding of the world's championships, as I have seen it stated (in the *Evening Standard*, for instance); they simply object to the title *in toto*. They say, in effect, "Why should the man who wins at Wimbledon be styled 'world's champion' when he may not be the best player in the world?"

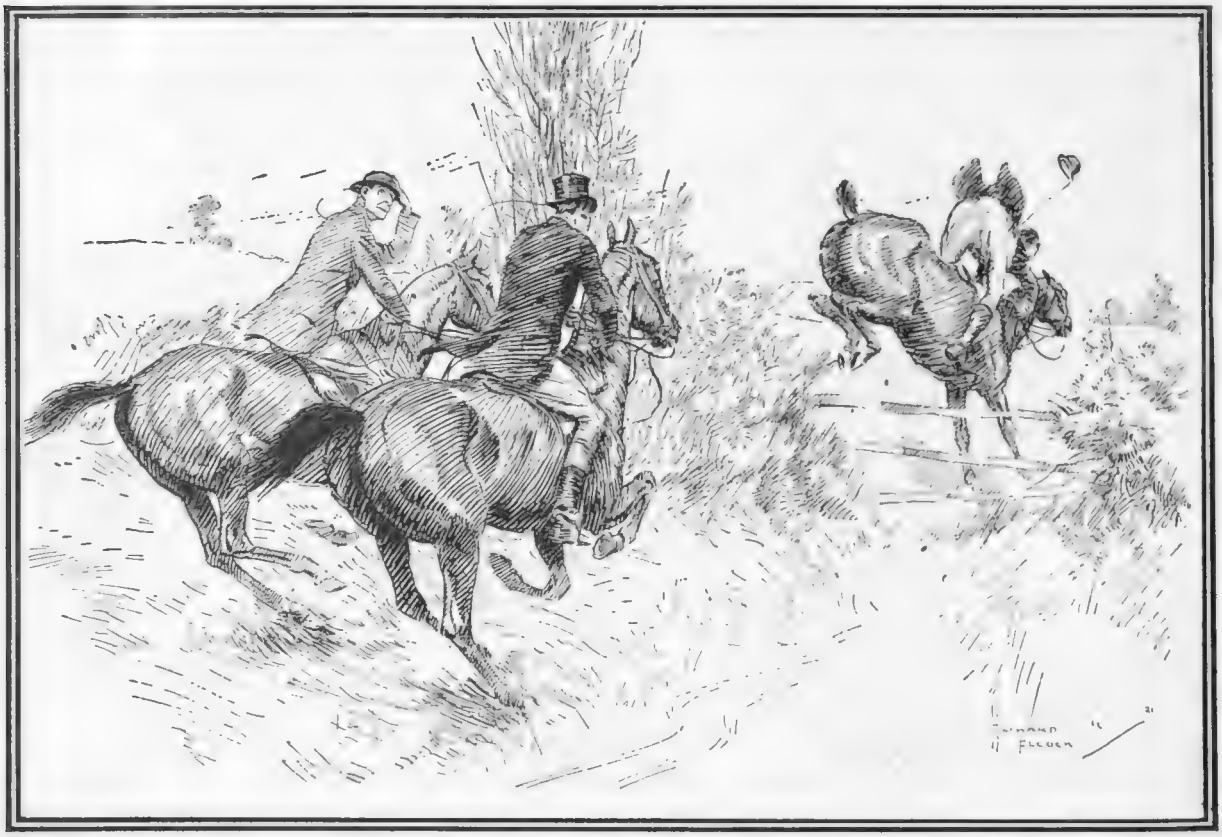
Photograph *Sport and General*

TWO OF BADMINTON'S BEST

Of the many devotees of lawn tennis and badminton who excel at both games, Miss K. McKane (left) and her elder sister Msss M. McKane are among the most famous, and the rapidity with which they came to the front at the latter game was quite remarkable. They have started their badminton season most auspiciously, and at the London Championships, one of the leading meetings, Miss K. McKane was first and Miss M. McKane second in the Singles, whilst the two in partnership won the ladies' Doubles

Splendid Isolation

I MUST confess that I am with the Americans. I do not believe that the prestige of "The Championship" (to give it its time-honoured appellation) was in the least enhanced when it was rechristened "The World's Championship." The reason why the best players of all nations make Wimbledon their Mecca is that they want to compete, not for the world's championship, but for the oldest championship in the world. Neither do I think that more than a few of the thousands who flock annually to Wimbledon are in the least concerned about the actual designation of the contest they are watching. They go to Wimbledon because it is Wimbledon—the Wimbledon that dates back to 1877. However, now that the World's Championships have come into being the obstacles in the way of their abolition would appear to be almost insurmountable, and America looks like remaining in "splendid isolation." H.S.S.



By Howard K. Elcock

A FORCED LANDING

"Who's the trier in front?"
"Commander Jones"
"Flight-Commander, I suppose?"

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Ciro Pearls

and the success of your Xmas Gift is assured.

CIRO Pearl gifts are a lasting reminder of the thought and good taste of the donor.

WHAT more pleasing Yuletide token than an exquisite necklet or any other Jewel of Ciro Pearls.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a 16 in. Ciro Pearl Necklet, with snap, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel (complete with case). If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days, and we will refund your money.

Above necklet supplied in any other length at an additional cost of 1/4 per inch. Special solid gold safety clasps, 2/6 extra.

Attractive cases supplied with all goods, but specially fine cases, 2/- extra. Necklet cases, 3/6.

New descriptive Booklet No. 7, just published, sent post free

CIRO PEARLS, Ltd. (Dept. 7),
39, Old Bond Street (Piccadilly End).

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor over Lloyd's Bank.

Lustrous Ciro Pearl dress stud on gold mount.
£1.1.0

Beautiful single pearl ring on gold or platinette mount.
£1.1.0

Round or pear-shaped drop ear-rings equal in all respects to the genuine. Solid gold mounts.
£1.1.0 per pair.

Gold Scarf-pin with marvellous pear-shaped or round Ciro pearl.
£1.1.0

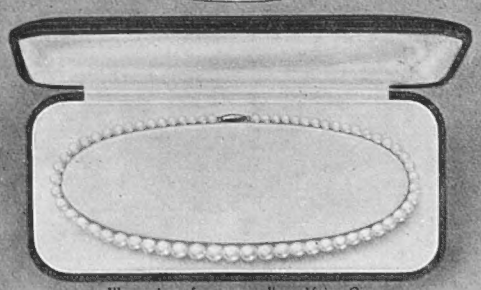
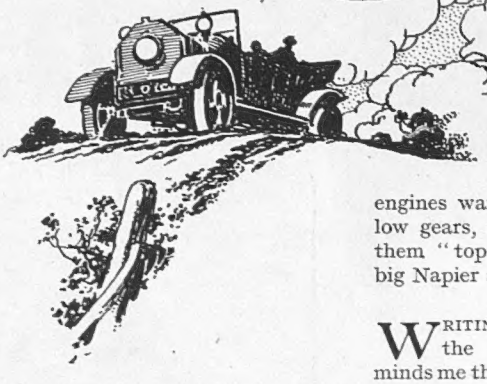


Illustration of our marvellous 16 in. Ciro Pearl Necklet. £1.1.0
Other lengths at proportionate rates.

Distinctive platinette brooch with 3 Ciro Pearls copied from the genuine. £1.1.0

Motoring & Aviation



READING through some advertisements of motor-cars the other day I was struck with admiration at the bold way makers now state their engines can rev. Imagine anyone daring to announce five years ago that the engine developed umpteen horse-power at 3,000 revs. per minute. Yet one sees that frequently to-day, whereas 1,000 revs. per minute used to be the basis of announced power of the makers of cars to the buyers of same. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this, my fellow-motorists, and realise how lucky you are in living in such times when a nominal 8 h.p. Talbot, for instance, can develop 20 h.p. at 3,000 r.p.m. and stand up to its work. This tells you how greatly improved the modern motor is, and don't you forget it. At the same time, it is about time the average driver learnt to use the lower gears given to the car he drives more constantly and frequently than he does at present. Small high-speed engines want nursing at low revs. on low gears, instead of trying to make them "top gear" merchants like the big Napier and such like.

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WRITING about what one sees in the advertising columns, reminds me that by some typographical error that bargain in four-seated cars, the 15.9 h.p. Arrol-Johnston, appeared as priced £560 when it should have read as £650, which is its present figure. There is nothing on the market to-day better value for money in cars than the Arrol-Johnston at its price, as £650 is a remarkably low figure for so handsome and useful all-round carriage as this is. Scotland had rather fallen back in its car production last year, but it is going to assert itself well at the top this next season if I am anything in the way of prophet. So many motoring folk are finding that, excellent as are the small two-seaters, they really want a four-seater bus for comfortable use, both in taking the additional passengers and also when touring with a reasonable amount of luggage.

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As for small cars their speed is really phenomenal nowadays, judging by the wonderful records recently made by the tiny 10 h.p. Wolseley driven by that most excellent of sportsman, Captain A. G. Miller, and his *confrère*, G. A. Vandervell. Not only did this Wolseley "ten" capture the Class A records from 250 miles at 82 miles per hour up to 500 miles at 81.9 m.p.h., but the three to eight hours as well, though the car actually only ran 6¼ hours on the track, as well as including the 400 to 800 kilometre records. Fifteen records on one run was well worth winning, and really is a record in itself, so the new showrooms in Piccadilly always seem full of visitors nowadays, and no wonder. Mr. McCormack must be a proud man to-day, especially as the Sports' model of the Wolseley "fifteen" is, I hear, another "hot packet" as well as being a most comfy car on the road.

THE HARPER RUNABOUT

A miniature three-wheel "car de luxe," with a 2½ h.p. two-stroke Villiers engine which is being priced at £100

BOURNEMOUTH was very gay recently, when the General Committee of the Auto-Cycle Union held its final meeting for 1921 at the Grand Hotel there, preceded by a dinner on the previous evening. The Mayor, Mr. Alderman C. H. Cartwright, J.P., the Town Clerk, Mr. Herbert Ashley, the Borough Surveyor, Mr. F. P. Dolamore, Dr. Geo. Frost, J.P., the President of the Bournemouth and District motor-cycle club, and Superintendent Garrett, the genial Chief Constable of Bournemouth, were all present, as well as a large number of local motorists.

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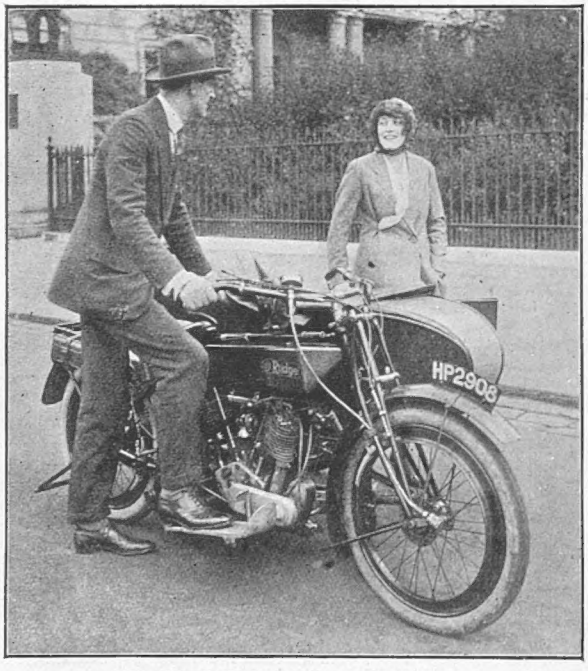
THE programme of the A.C.U. for next year has been announced, and a very full one it is, too, beginning with a "stock" bike trial on March 15, the Scottish six days starting May 1, the T. T. races in the Isle of Man, May 30 and June 1, and the English six days starting August 21 with hill climbs, reliability runs and what not speed trials in various centres of the country sandwiched in between these dates. Altogether next year promises to be a full one for the sporting motorist of all classes, cars and cycles, as there are car races in the Isle of Man, the Grand Prix in France, and another at Brescia in Italy, another 500-mile race at Brooklands besides the usual club fixtures.

OLD HY.



OFF TO "THE EDGE O' BEYOND"?

Basil Rathbone and Miss Ruby Miller, who are now acting together at the Garrick, in a new model of the Rudge Multi motor-cycle combination